

EXPERIENCE
SUBSCRIPTION
THE 18 WHEELER
ISSUE



No. 26 - D & W ENTERPRISES - P. O. Box 292-TD - EAST RUTHERFORD, NJ 07073 - PRIVATE NEWSLETTER

Noise from the FIFTH WHEEL

Writing this paper is some times not easy and other times you could go on for days with some of the occasional bursts of info and news that floods in by mail and phone. For this reason it is still only September and #26 is in the works.....for those who missed the last Phone Page, sorry but

you have to get those numbers in-early as there is just so much room. And those numbers are important to alot of people, so it seems. You'll find out some of the reason on the other side of this page.....The problem with Lumpers.....has been in the various trucking magazines lately and occasionally in the papers. One wonders if the government really wants to do anything about these dockside rip-offs or if it is like the illegal alian problems with the produce growers in the west or cheap factory help here in the NYC area where people are discovered in basements working for \$1 an hour in sweat shops. The government knows about it but of course the bigshots who make the money from these people have enough pull to get the things the way they want. An employer supposed the workers were legal, after all they have cards on them. But why is he paying them below the legal wage for 60 hours work? The Lumper mess is similar and one of those things we are waiting to find out. But this problem was brought to my attention recently in a way that hit home. The phone rang one night and it was the brother of one of the subscribers who is one of the Freebie subscribers. He's never really written but has from time to time called and was in the area once for only a few hours back when the phone page started. The nicest guy you would want to meet and promised to come by when he could stay longer. That will never be I guess as his brother called to say that I should stop sending his Wheeler as he was dead. He got in a fight with these leeches in the Hunts Point area market and was hit several times with a baseball bat sized chunk of wood and his arm broken, his ribs caved in and on the head. His arm was fixed at the hospital and he was examined and his brother called to fly up from home and he drove him and the truck home. The beat up man was OK but a few days later got head aches and died in the hospital after lapsing into a coma. The brother admitted he was not aware that his brother had gay leanings but said he wished he had been doing anything but spending the night in that area where he was approached by the lumpers for work. The official report from the police? "Well we have alot of fights there all the time, you know the crowd that hangs around there and we can't watch every one, every truck or every person in the street. If he made a complaint what can we do without some kind of evidence?" It reminds me of many years ago when a family was frantically looking for their son and the police found out he had been going to a leather bar. Their comments: "Well if he went to a place like that he probably wanted to disappear; if you find a body, let us know." New York, New York ain't it a wonderful town?.....

Thanks for the new subscribers who have decided to join, and every one has signed up for the whole remaining issues.....how about all you who haven't? There are still a few. You'll cut down the extra paper work that all these random expirations seem to cause. That seems like little to ask. All you have to do is look at the label and see when you expire. Those who expire with #27 WILL NOT BE NOTIFIED as it is obvious it doesn't really matter to them if they get the next issue or not.

How has it the New Jersey Turnpike decided not to jack up their tolls after all.....too much competition from the free roads I guess. After all how can you plead poverty with a million dollar surplus; a giant complex of offices and twenty-dozen politically appointed executive jobs? Did you guys know New Jersey has three toll roads which combined are not the length of the Pennsylvania Turnpike but yet has three completely independent agencies operate them with three giant bureaucracies running them.....and they wonder why the people are annoyed and support "Proposition 13 Type fever"

STAY AWAY FROM SUBSCRIBERS

JD'S COMMENT: Many thanks to those who still seem to be keeping the faith! A call the other Sunday from the Host of the 1979 Wheeler Convention was very encouraging and it was nice to hear from Ron who was at the whang-bang this summer. His offer sounds too good to pass up. Then those who call from now and then to offer a word of complete inspiration that the Wheeler, they say is too good to give up. Well as you know there is a lot of time to think about it but some co-operation is needed from those out there who seem to want to sit back and just enjoy. Life isn't that easy guys.....remember the story of Little Red Hen? If you want to have to kick in. The system falls apart and ends up run by a select few, like Congress for example.....no one seems to understand how our government lost touch with the middle class working man. It's exactly like the Wheeler. A few do everything and the rest sit back until they are out of the picture. So we'll continue cranking out this rag for those few, regardless, even if it is for the trucker's only and the guys who are involved. As I once said I would rather put out this newsletter for ten interested people than ten-hundred who are after nothing more than a JO session.

FOR THOSE WHO THINK TRUCKING IS NOTHING BUT FUN: A nice guy called one Friday who had gotten in and was being given the run around by the buck passers. What to do for a whole three days in a strange place where you know no one? That was one time the value of a Pit Stop number was valuable and proved to JD that perhaps all this mess IS worth it. You have no idea what it is like to nearly live in a truck and have no one to talk too. I am sure loneliness has been a factor in every one's life but it can be a daily affair when you are constantly on the road. Then you need some tie up that keeps you in a strange motel room for a weekend when you would like to be home enjoying the family or friends. Your Editor knows the story and how many drivers just away for overnight or a day or so appreciate that familiar bed at home and having some one to talk too; the closeness of another person; and some one who can knock out some of those lonely hours. That is what a pit-stop can be even with or without sex involved. True a good time mutually enjoyed is always welcome, but more important some one to talk too, some one that understands how things are, and making new friends in a strange place. Maybe JW thinks he was just another "wild hillbilly trucker" in for some fun and games, but he was more of an inspiration as why this crummy rag is really important to people on the road who have told me why it shouldn't be wrapped up in April. More so why SERIOUS Hawks should be willing to do a little more now and then for the "cause". I don't really ask much except for clippings, and stories and things of interest that you have been reading in the Wheeler these past two and a half years. I personally have met some really great people through this "project" and knowing people like that is worth all the effort in the world. I would like to see more of us get together and perhaps be one big happy family tied together with some things of common interests.

Some one to talk too. Have you ever wondered why truckers are gabby? So easy to start up a conversation with? Think about it. For those afraid to go in those TS's and start up a friendly conversation, don't be; try it next time and who knows what will happen? If you do pop the question and he isn't interested 99% of the time he'll just say no, almost apologizing for either not being that way or too tired. Seldom a "craze".

A SPECIAL THANKS FOR DONATIONS AND CARDS: Kentucky Coalminer would like to let those who sent him a get well card or card of cheer a Special and Much Appreciated THANKS.....it picked up his spirits and he says he intends to get out there on I-65 and see if he's lost his touch. I hope not. And to those who have sent in donations and beer money, and there have been many...Joe W of Georgia would like to tell you thanks. "You must have a good bunch of guys there." were his comments when I told him YOU paid for his first decent non-truckstop dinner in days.

Sorry about this page of Preaching but you will be getting a dose of it until I find out if other than a selected few are going to be goosing this thing along with their good will or if it should just be retired while still healthy. That is up to the readers. As I have said before money is not the problem guys.....it's getting some involvement out there!

BODACIOUS BULL SHIT

THIS COLUMN IS FOR ANY NEWSPAPER ARTICLES THE READERS MAY SEND IN THAT MIGHT BE OF INTEREST TO THE OTHER GUYS. WE CAN USE ALL SORTS OF THINGS SO SEND THEM TO US.

In Plain English

HOUSTON, Texas — Here's what *Glimpse* magazine reports about a recent exchange between a Houston high school principal and a parent.

The principal sent the following message to the parent of a pupil:

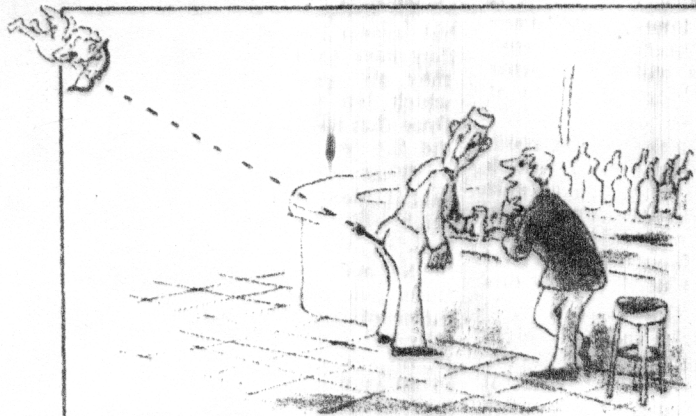
"Our school's cross-graded, multi-ethnic, individualized learning program is designed to enhance the concept of an open-ended learning program with emphasis on a continuum of multi-ethnic, academically enriched learning using the identified intellectually gifted child as the agent or director of his own learning. Major emphasis is on cross-graded, multi-ethnic learning with the main objective being to learn respect for the uniqueness of a person."

The parent responded:

"I have a college degree, speak two foreign languages and four Indian dialects, have been to a number of county fairs and three goat ropings, but I haven't the faintest idea as to what the hell you are talking about. Do you?"

I think some of our Hawks ought to read this. Those who think the size of the words indicate how smart they think they are.

IN HONOR OF THE WORLD SERIES AND BASEBALL FREAKS WHO KEEP BORING ME WITH ALL THEIR EXCITEMENT, SEE ARTICLE AT THE RIGHT.



Post Office Denies Plan to Hike Postal Rates

According to a Post Office memorandum leaked to reporters this week, the Post Office will soon submit to Congress a plan calling for the raising of the basic postal rate from fifteen cents to ten dollars. The proposed plan would make stamps available in only one form—a book of three stamps costing fifty dollars. As all other postal rates would be affected by this increase, experts are agreed that the proposal would put the mails out of the reach of most Americans.

A spokesman for the postmaster general's office emphatically denied the existence of such a "ridiculous" plan, and announced the formation of a special committee to locate the source of the leak.

The article at the left will indicate to you all the price of the stamp is going up. 28% of the price of each WHEELER issue goes for the stamp.

The Queen's Room isn't big, but it's very clean and well appointed according to Beth and Bethany Glass, who spent a refreshing hour putting themselves back in shape for the road.

LIVES OF THE GREAT

THIS MONTH:

GEORGE HERMAN "BABE" RUTH (1895-1948)

THE "BABE" ROSE FROM AN IMPOVERISHED CHILDHOOD ON THE BALTIMORE WATERFRONT TO BECOME BASEBALL'S LEGENDARY "SULTAN OF SWAT." SPORTSWRITER PICK SCHAAP FELT THAT HE EMBODIED ALL THAT WAS GOOD IN PRO SPORTS AND MOST OF WHAT WAS BAD, AND NEW YORK'S MAYOR JIMMY WALKER CALLED HIM "A GREAT ATHLETE AND A GREAT FOOL."



RUTH'S NOISY FONDNESS FOR PROSTITUTES AND HIS DISREGARD FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE (HE SELDOM USED A TOOTHBRUSH OR FLUSHED A TOILET) MADE HIM A VERY UNPOPULAR ROOMMATE AT AWAY GAMES.



THE PRESS DUTIFULLY ATTRIBUTED RUTH'S 1935 SPRING TRAINING COLLAPSE TO "INTESTINAL PROBLEMS." HE WAS IN FACT SUFFERING FROM AN ADVANCED CASE OF SYPHILIS.



RUTH'S MIDNIGHT SNACKS USUALLY RAN TO SIX OR SEVEN SANDWICHES WITH THE SAME NUMBER OF BEERS OR BODAS AND HIS PREGAME MEALS (OFTEN CONSISTED OF TRIPLE PORTIONS OF FOOD) WASHED DOWN WITH A QUART OF ORANGE JUICE AND A FIFTH OF OIL.

WHILE ON A WINTER BURLESQUE/PUBLICITY TOUR, THE BABE WAS SAID TO HAVE CLOSETED HIMSELF IN HOTEL ROOMS WITH AS MANY AS TWELVE PROSTITUTES AT A TIME, EMERGING ONLY FOR HIS NIGHTLY STAGE APPEARANCE.

New York City Applies for Massive Car Loan

Following the refusal of the Federal government to grant New York a temporary supermarket check cashing card, Mayor Koch has announced plans to apply to the World Bank for a massive car loan. The loan application, presented to World Bank officials last week, includes a detailed description of a car with a quarter-mile wheel base and windshield wipers the size of telephone poles.

Though the mayor expressed "my sincere desire at this time to purchase the automobile described in the application," he did remind reporters of a law granting loan recipients the right to use borrowed money for "other than its stated purpose" under certain conditions. The mayor was presumably referring to New York City's long-term debts, which he has been trying to pay off since taking office. "It's just scandalous that our greatest city is in such terrible financial shape," said Koch. "Besides, I'm the mayor, and all my hair's falling out and I'm not even married yet and it's all so embarrassing I could die."

YOU MAY NOT be the sex you think you are.

No matter how sexy and feminine you consider yourself, and no matter how macho, your sexual identity is much less certain than you suspect.

Scientists have discovered that, on a cellular level, men and women aren't always what they seem to be. Boys will occasionally be girls, and girls will sometimes turn out to be boys who never developed the way they were supposed to.

These are not Olympic athletes who pass themselves off as females; they are not hermaphrodites who show obvious signs of sexual mixup. They are ordinary men and women who never suspect anything is seriously wrong with them.

One 30-year-old woman, married for eight years, went to the Johns Hopkins Medical Center in Baltimore because she couldn't get pregnant. When the doctors examined her, they found two small testicles where her ovaries were supposed to be. When they analyzed her chromosomes — the material in the cells that carries genetic information — they found that her sex chromosomes were not XX, which is normal for a woman, but XY, which is normal for a man.

Another case involved a Mexican man who had been married twice and led "an apparently normal life," as his doctors put it, who also came into a hospital because he thought he was sterile. Although the man had normal-looking sex organs, a deep voice and a heavy beard and mustache, he turned out to have XX chromosomes. Under normal circumstances, without a Y chromosome, he should have been a woman.

Such people are unusual, but they are not as rare as scientists once thought. Johns Hopkins, one of the world's leading centers for studying this problem, has seen about 60 people with opposite sex chromosomes.

In New York, Dr. A. Louis Southren of the New York Medical College has treated about two dozen women with XY chromosomes — the so-called "testicular feminization syndrome." And although men with XX sex chromosomes are much rarer, Southren treated one case this winter — another doctor.

The more scientists study genes and chromosomes, the more complications they find. "We're all hung up on a way of thinking from the Middle Ages that classifies the human race as male and female, exclusively," said John Money, a Johns Hopkins medical psychologist. "But nature is full of in-betweens."

Money says that one in every 500 men is estimated to have Klinefelter's Syndrome — an XXY chromosome makeup, which usually makes them sterile. If the odds are that good for that one disease, Money said, then they're even better for the entire range of sexual abnormalities that scientists know about. This means the chances are pretty good that the average rush-hour crowd includes people with undiscovered sexual mutations.

Abnormalities are so common, Money said, that sometimes high school bio-

logy students stumble across them when they give themselves the chromosome test that is used on Olympic athletes.

The most startling of these abnormalities are the testicular feminization cases, the women with XY chromosomes and, in most cases, small testicles where their ovaries and uterus should be.

These women can sometimes be very well-built and good looking; they usually have little or no body hair, although the hair on their head is often full and luxurious. Women who have been discovered with this syndrome have included a model, twin sisters who were working as airline stewardesses, and even a prostitute.

"You personally could be married to one and you would never know," Money said. "The only way you would know would be if she told you she didn't menstruate."

Many of these women first come to the attention of doctors because they don't menstruate, they can't get pregnant, or they have sexual difficulties. Other times, they come in because they think they are developing hernias.

Whatever brings one of these cases to a doctor's attention—whether it's a woman with XY chromosomes or a man with XX chromosomes—the hard work starts when the doctor has to break them the news. If it's done wrong, the effect can be devastating.

"You take a case where the girl is seven years old," Money said. "They find lumps in her groin; the surgeon does what he thinks will be a hernia repair and gets the biggest surprise of his life."

"He comes out into the waiting room with his operating gown still on—which is a traumatic moment for the parents under any circumstances—and says, 'You don't have a little daughter, you've got a son.' It takes thousands of hours to repair the damage done by that one sentence."

IF YOU TELL a child, it might destroy them," Southern said. "When the parents are told, it raises a lot of guilt. You can see how these cases cause tremendous problems. You have to develop it with patients very slowly."

With his adult patients, Southern says he avoids an exact diagnosis. "Most of them don't know what's going on when they come in," he said. "I think it serves no purpose to tell them they have testicles. You tell them they've got defective gonads that has the possibility of developing into a tumor and should be removed."

Money is more informative with his patients, but he prepares them just as carefully. He shows them pictures of their chromosomes and points out that "one of them has its arm broken off." (A Y chromosome is much shorter than an X.)

"Medical people have got the bad habit of calling this a Y chromosome," he tells them, "but it's incapable of doing Y work."

Money gets vehement when you suggest that a woman with XY chromosomes is really male, or that a man with XX chromosomes is really female. An XY woman, he said, looks like a woman.

looks like a woman, and could not be turned into a man if she wanted to be — "So what would you call her?"

Such men and women are proof, he said, that scientists were wrong in insisting that chromosomes determine sex. What really determines sex, both physically and psychologically, is how you respond to male or female sex hormones.

The difference between men and women is much smaller than we assume. We all start life in the womb with the same neutral internal sex organs. Despite the myth about men being the first sex, the body's actual tendency is to develop as a female.

But if the Y chromosome is present — actually, the work is done by a small piece of the Y chromosome called the H-Y antigen—then between the third and fourth month in the womb, one of the neutral sex organs develops into a testicle. After that, the testicle secretes two types of substance—one to block female development, the other to develop male genitals, body build and even psychological outlook.

If something goes wrong, however, the fetus reverts to its original tendency to develop as a female; depending on how far along the fetus is, all kinds of combinations can occur.

In the case of X-Y females, although they usually develop testicles their bodies never respond to the male hormones, so none of the other male characteristics develop.

XX males are harder to figure out, but researchers think that although they have two female X chromosomes, they also inherited the H-Y antigen, which led them to develop testicles. Once that happened, the male hormones did the rest of the work.

What all this means is that your sexual identity is not as rigid as you might like to think—most of it, in fact, is culturally acquired.

No matter how tough or sweet you think you are, your genes could tell a different story. "It's 1978, but we're still not out of the Dark Ages," said Money. "The world of chromosomes is so much more fluid than anyone imagined. Literally anything is possible."

Partial Ban on Everything Urged

Legislation recently introduced in New Jersey requiring that restaurants reserve at least 25 percent of their floor space for nonsmokers has had far-reaching consequences.

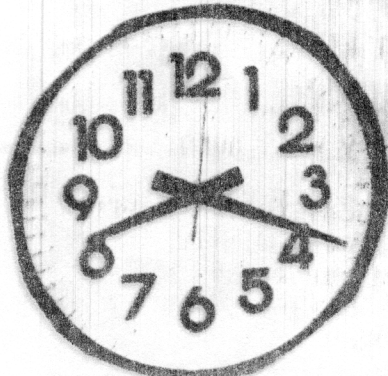
New bills have been proposed requiring that all bars reserve at least 25 percent of their stool space for nondrinkers of alcoholic beverages; also that gaming tables (for roulette, blackjack, and poker) in Atlantic City casinos reserve at least one-third their space for nongamblers.

In addition, New Jersey legislative committees are currently considering proposals which would require the setting aside of at least 10 percent of all prison space for noncriminals, 15 percent of all seats aboard passenger jets for non-flyers, and 12 percent of all cemetery space for people still living.

PHONE HAWKS



PLEASE OBSERVE THE CALLING TIME IN THE LOCAL TIME ZONE OF THE HAWK PLACING THE AD. THERE IS NO CHARGE FOR THIS LISTING BUT YOU MUST BE A PAID UP OR NEW SUBSCRIBER AND THE FORM ON THE BACK MUST BE FILLED IN AND RETURNED FOR YOUR LISTING TO APPEAR. ALL SAMPLE ISSUES DO NOT CONTAIN THESE TELEPHONE NUMBERS. REPORT ANY PEST IMMEDIATELY.



HOW TO TELL TIME, WHEN THE BIG HAND IS ON THE 12 (THE NUMBER ON THE TOP OF THE FACE OF THE CLOCK) AND THE LITTLE HAND IS ON THE 8 THIS MEANS IT IS 8:00 O'CLOCK. IF YOU THEN LOOK OUT OF YOUR WINDOW AND THE SKY IS DARK IT IS NIGHT, OR PM; IF THE SKY IS LIGHT AND THE SUN IS IN THE MORNING POSITION OF THE SKY, IT IS MORNING OR 8:00 AM.

FOR THOSE WITHOUT A CLOCK OR TOO STUPID TO UNDERSTAND THE ABOVE, DO NOT CALL ANY OF THE PHONE HAWK ADS THAT GIVE DEFINITE TIME OF THE DAY TO CALL. THESE TIMES ARE GIVEN FOR A REASON AND PEOPLE DO NOT WISH TO BE BOTHERED AT OTHER TIMES. IF THESE DIRECTIONS DO NOT GET THE POINT THROUGH, THE WHEELER WILL DISCONTINUE THIS SERVICE.....

NIGGER PAUL	New York City, NY	212 777-8613	Anytime	Macho White Dudes
BLU FALCON	Daleville, AL	205 598-2659	4p-7p	Smooth, slim u/30's
SEA GULL	York Beach, ME	207 363-4114	Anytime	
GEORGE	Santa Cruz/Soquel, CA	408 475-4424	Til 8p	Greek Top TDs
RON	Florence, CO	303 784-4198	Aft. 9p	
MYRON	San Diego, CA	714 222-5553	Aft 8a -8p	Truckers all kinds 40/50
RON	Ft. Worth, TX	817 244-8133	Anytime	I-20/820 161K Parking
Twoballcane	St. Louis, MO	314 621-1107	6p-10p	Clean w/m cowboy tkrs
BOB	Netwon, IA	515 792-4501	6p-10p	Boots, Levis & Clean
FRIENDLY JOHN	Tacoma, WA	206 848-8661	7p-11p	Horny w/ms
Will	Charlottesville, VA	973-1194		
LEATHERSMITH	Ho-Chi-Min Trail, PA	717-491-4897	anytime	(Eastern Pa/i-80/209
COSTAS	N. Weymouth, MA	617 335-1060	anytime	people and phone jo assman
FRANK	Mobile, AL	205 476-8966	after 6p & weekends	
CHRIS	Janesville, WI	608 752-4165	anytime	slim studs u/45
GES	St. Pete, FL	813 525-6933	6p to 6a	all type greeks
FLAPPS	Rochester, NY	716 244-9348	8 till	Truckers and macho's
GROOM JOCK	Salem, OR	503 838-0412	9a-12n	Bus. Phone, all types
JERRY	Chicago, IL	312 528-8021	3p-11p	macho, hairy types
COWBOY JIM	Marion, MT	854-2243	none given	any hot studs welcome
DAN	Pine Bluff, AR	501 536-7847	10p-8a	Anytype studs
SLIM PICKINS	Oklahoma City, OK	405 771-3741	6p-8a	Cowboy/trucker/hawks
LES & DOUG	Salt Lake Cy, UT	801 466-6513	anytime nites/wkend	3ways/all types
JOHN	Louisville; KY	502 447-0070	5p-11p	Trim masc U/45
WARREN	Southfield; MI	313 354-1611	7p-12m	w/ms no fems/all ages
LARRY	Cartersville, GA	404 386-0428	5p-12m	anyone
John	Sacramento, CA	916-482-4046	Aft. 5p	Truckers & fone j/o
Crown Prince	Cotati, CA	707 795-7701	10p - 8a	Truckers (all kinds)
Neil	Laton, CA	209 923-4555	Anytime	Like Agressive men
Dave	Batavia, NY	716 344-1210	5p - 12m	Hairy Chess'
Bill	Tulsa, OK	918 599-0677	aft 10p-bef 9a	welcome all
Mike	Las Cruces, NM	505 524-3966		All Welcome
Bert	Harper, KS	316 896-7886	Anytime	Phone j/o - trucker welcome
Jim	Newport Beach, CA	714 548-5071	6:3p - 6:30A	Men
Love One	Conneaut, Oh (I-90)	216 593-1384	6p - 12a	All
TOM	Manhattan, NYC	212 928-5775		
The Marine	Westchester Co,	914 949-4998	6p - 10p	w/m's 18-35

GJ	Louisville, KY	502	459-2484	anytime	trim w masc guys
Pide Piper	Louisville, KY	502	637-8416	5:3p on	
Rod-Buster	Lincoln, NE	402	423-4509	6p on	Hunky truckers
Bert	Harper, KS	316	896-7886	NEVER ON SUNDAY	
BOB	Normal, IL	309	452-5852	6p - 4a	all kinds
EBS	Steeleville, IL	618	965-3131	8a - 3p mon fri	
Frank and Ray	Chicago, IL	312	266-0677	anytime	macho types
Ed	Chicago, IL	312	264-4840	4p - 12m	hairy well hung
Dan or Bill	Grand Rapids, MI	616	774-0819	6p - 4 a	w/ms
Warren	Southfield, IL	313	354-1611	7p - 12m	w/ms no fems/all ages
Ray	No. Detroit, MI	313	545-2076	anytime	I-75 and 9 Mile
Scott	Marshall, MI	616	781-8215	6p - 6a	Trim under 46
Ed	Grand Rapids, MI	616	363-0723	6p - 6:3a	
Tom	Detroit, MI	313	282-7248	aft 6p	WZMS
Motor Mouth	Bronx, NY	212	884-7489	Aft 4p & wknds	Daddy Types
RLD	New York City, NY	212	TV4-7489	wknds & aft 4p	Truckers & macho types
Milo	Ft. Pierce, FL	305	464-7830	10a - 3p	Mon/Fri
Pete & Lou	D & W Ent. NJ	201	943-6867	9p-10p	Tues. only

TRUCKERS ONLY WHO NEED PIT-STOP MAY CALL THE EDITOR FOR THIS INFO. NO COLLECT CALLS ACCEPTED
PIT-STOP ARE AVAILABLE IN MOST STATES AND ON MOST MAIN ROUTES.....WRITE FOR LIST. TRUCKERS ONLY

John	Springfield, OH(170)	513	325-4472	anytime	masc. tattooed b/m or w/m
Jake	Twin Cities, MN	612	871-9414	6p - 2a	Like Hairy Types
Big Bad Wolf	Ft. Myers, FL	813	694-1063	3p - 9p	Any Horny Truckers
DON	Salida, CO	303	539-63		
Red Donkey	Ft. Lauderdale, FL	305	463-1984	6p - 12p	young/handsome/ studs
Wheels & Dennis	San Jose, CA	408	293-3417	6p - 9p	anyone nice
Rich	Youngstown, OH	216	747-6059	11p - 2:3a	active greeks truckers
Ken	No-Central, AR	501	882-3555	12m-6a	all horny truckers
Slo-Walker	Salem, OR	503	363-3846	11a - 6 p M/F	Masc-well built
Scotch & Water	Omaha, NE	402	341-9839	Eves.	
Bill	Garnite City, IL	618	877-6284	sun mon best	
Ron	Newark, OH	614	345-1053	6:3p-10p	DON'T call sun or mon
Solitaire	Chicago, IL	312	969-9130	5p - 11p	anytime weekends
Uncle Bob	Wilkes-Barre, PA	717	678-5926	6p-1a	" " I-81
Wimpy	Strathmore, Alberta	403	934-4022	aft 11p	compartable friendly types
Doug	Hollis, NY	212	454-2658	12m - 12n	big masc. truckers to 55
Fifth Wheel	Grand Island, NY	716	773-7039	weekends	truckers
Bill & Gordon	Edmondton, Alberta	403	988-5380	anytime	Cowboys who like 3 ways
Jack	Washington, DC	202	265-8771	7p - 3 a	all-types/mature
CN	Central, NJ	609	655-3035	9p 11:3p	w/ms
Big Nine & Skip	Hawthorne, CA	213	679-6267	anytime	DRIVERS ONLY
Dan	Pine Bluff, AR	501	536-7847	"	masc. types
Porno Pete	Cincinnati, OH	513	871-0400	8p - 11p	S. C. Bound/leave no.
Peckerwood	St. Joseph, MO	816	232-9182	anytime	On i-29 bus. loop
Ric	Ft. Erie, Ontario	416	871-4909	6p - 11:3p	Truckers
JACK The Mouth	San Fran, CA	415	386-6969	4p - 12m	JD approved ***** rated
Gene	San Francisco, CA	415	621-0650	5p - 11p	JD approved A-1 truckhawk
Lou & Curtis	Los Angeles, CA	213	939-4548	6p - 10p	
Rolf	Ventura, CA	805	644-1427	anytime	Like mature truckers
Bill	Berkeley, CA	415	527-4460	"	
Mike	Hollywood, CA	213	469-3700	aft 6p	Heavysset truckers 250-350
Rodger	San Fran, CA	415	621-6128	7p-2a	Cowboy type likes cowboy TDs
ED	San Jose, CA	408	286-9670	anytime	big masc. truckers
JB	San Diego, CA	714	222-7769		
Myron	San Diego, CA	714	222-5553	Aft 2p m/f	Truckers all kinds
Steve	Thousad Oaks, CA	805	495-7360	anytime	have parking 4 rigs 6
Manhandler	Arlington, TX	817	460-5096	anytime	Dallas/Ft. Worth Pike
Wayne and Walt	Oklahoma City, OK	405	478-2328	anytime	
Blue Hawk	New Orleans, LA	504	945-3013		

THIS MONTHS PHONE LIST CLOSED OCT. 11th

LETTERS, COMMENTS, STORIES TRUE OR BULLSHIT, COMPLAINTS AND QUESTIONS, SUGGESTIONS, STUPID REMARKS, DUMB-ASS IDEAS AND WHAT EVER.....SEND THEM IN FOR THE INTEREST OF THE REST OF THE MEN TO CHEW ON.



PIT STOP COMMENTS: The idea of a Pitstop Directory might be great. So far I have met several great people and manage to stop by when ever in their area and it is nice to have some one, or a place, to call "home" Thanks again. Unfortunately only three people commented on the idea of a pitstop directory and apparently 0.33% of a response is not worth the effort, so I'll continue to dole them out only to our driver friends as they ask for them. One commented that from what he saw of the pile in the pitstop file a trucker could run the entire country and probably never have to see another truckstop for more than fuel. (Actually there are 2 states without a listing). One word of warning concerning the people who phone. Not all the people are reliable. They call and say they are coming then something else comes up. So don;t expect a 100% score.....after all look at the response I get from the mail. And too when you invite a stranger into your home don't think because he is some one who says he is from the Wheeler Phone list he is any more reliable than any one you might find in the street.....unless I have inspected it personally and you find my teethmarks on his left ass cheek.....that is a 99.99% seal of approval. Other wise please use good judgement. Of course the risks of having your head bashed in in some RA are always possible too.....after all look what happened to Pete in a RA!

A WORD FROM THE GRAVE: LP IS ALIVE AND WELL AND ROLLING TOWARDS MONTREAL AT THIS MOMENT,,79/4,,I would give my right ball to see what happens when the Big Lollipop gets to Frogland and every one pretends they don't understand English. Knowing him they will find the load dumped on their loading dock and LP grumbling off into the dust. Hummmmmmmmm! That boy has gotten around more than fly shit once he discovered the joys of trip leasing to those "reliable outfits" Montreal could be fun, or was a while back until the fever struck. Now it's too much like a French speaking Belfast for your editor's liking. As usual the minority opinion of a minority group gets all the attention. The lowest IQ of any mob seems to be the common denominator. Oh well!

OHIO: They finally fixed my truck and I got rid of that rented heap. Feel like I need cheering and expect to be around your area again soon.....I hope you don't forget me and have so many other guys you have to list them for an appointment like the dentist. Guess what...no problems from the insurance company and the bill is all ready paid. Bob's truck was run into by a semi-drunk girl on I-80 and demolished the front end as well as the pinto and the girl. Driving on the wrong side of a divided highway can be hazardous to your health. Fortunately Bob was not hurt seriously and has learned not to have all those loose articles laying around the truck. Which might be a hint guys about junk on the rear ledge of the car. If you have been hit in the back of the head with one of those cute doggies with the bobbing head at 50 mph you will not think them so cute. Same goes for any loose items laying in bunks and on doghouses.

PETELUMA, CA: Here is a letter you can pass on to that guy who doubted the convention happened. I won;t get into a long series of he-said-you-said-I-said-they-said and the matter is put to rest. I just got a taped version of some gossip that I am supposed to have said and find it all quite interesting the power of the spoken word.....and more so of the unspoken word. This is a fun thing and will stay that way with just a little bit of good intention thrown in.

BY PHONE: That story from the Wheeler in B-19 has had be j/o'ed to death. It was the best thing I red in years and to the point. WOW how do I get a copy of B. O. W.?

NEAR THE "GRAPEVINE" SOUTHERN CALIF: I thoroughly enjoy J/Oing to #23 of your infamous rag and hasten to remit my bread for the rest. My Dad was a trucker for most of his life but I never really got turned on to truckers until I was high-hiking to college and was picked up by one who too me on top of a load of potatoes and fucked the living bejesus out of me. Since then I get a hard on just seeing a PICK-UP truck and when I see a stud in a 18 Wheeler nearly drop my load in my pants.....I offer my place on top of Southern California famous "Grapevine" as a pit stop for R & R for tired or horny truckers. If we get it on or not they are still welcome. Now that we've a Pit-Stop located on that nasty piece of Hiway we have only to find one near Fancey Gap Mountain. Lombardi RA on the NJ Turnpike by the way guys is the only safe and respectable place in the Metro Area NYC; and is located south of the I-80/I-95 junction (known as Dead Man's Curve, one of the super modern highway connections that looked good on the drawing board but, like Detroit's cars, turned out otherwise).....navigation on it for a first timer expecting the super modern highway is as tricky as New Brunswick's Magnetic Hill.

CHOPSTICKS AND B-19 DEPARTMENT: There was an Editorial Convention in New York City on October 6, 1978 and if all the subscriber's ears were buzzing you now know why. so we were talking about you, some good and some bad. Seems we both have many of the same people....some good guys and some plain pains in the ass. But we love you any way. What better place to take a Chopstick but to a Chinese Restaurant and one of New York's best at the Lotus Eater's Park on East 23rd Street. CS and his Buddy Burt enjoyed it and on being delayed enroute by a usual street scene (the police dragging a cuffed and leg ironed man from a bustling building on Park Avenue, they finally made it. The WHOW-4 was parked in front of the Puerto Rican "Embassy" on Park Avenue So and 23rd and we all went near by to have one of those three hour dinners. JD was annoyed to find an editor that was younger than he was and it shattered the image that most people have about us. We are not all antiques who have a typewriter in a closet in some rooming house some place, too old to do anymore what we write about. Not the case at all. Hummmmm. Then we toured the Village and checked out a few clubs that somehow fit in the past of these two former Rotten Apple residents now in the sunny south. That Bingo game was still going on but neither visitor got his \$200 he once won in rubber checks.....oh well. So after several beers we decided to go, walking down Clone Street...or is that Christopher Street? Any way all the characters were out on sidewalks and door ways on display and doing what ever their thing is. We finally called it a night and I dropped them off at their penthouse and we promised to keep each other informed on out "newsrags" Thanks again guys for the dinner and enjoyable conversation.

DANGER - BEWARE OF THE TURNPIKE RA'S IN THE NUTMEG STATE: Like the bar and gay guides you all are aware of the time lag when the places are reported and actually appear in print. I once checked out a listing in Birmingham, Alabama and found it to be a Laundrymat.....Many reports, including in B-19 list the RA;s on the Conn. Turnpike as being very active. Darien is one and if you read the Wheeler a few issues ago you would know that the listing in RARE and other places are no longer right. There has been a very tight watch placed on the turnpike as reported in an article that the Wheeler reprinted from The New York Times on vice and drugs and prostitution in the RA's: two according to your editor's eyeballs have been closed by loads of gravel dumped in the entrenches with do not enter signs at the exits. (This includes the one west of the New London Exit that poor Pete was captured in). And from one of the subscribers who lives near by he says the RI RA is also closed. He says the REST AREA SIGNS now should read ARREST AREA. The police are using infrared "sniperscopes" and you don't argue with a TV tape of your activities. BEWARE.....perhaps after the elections things will go back to normal. This is a big election year in Hartford and as you all know the politicians usually pick out sensational but worthless planks to build their platforms to steer the public away from the critical problems of government. But then it is usually the Lunatic Fringe that votes in an off year election any way, so be content with Lunatic Fringe kicks

POSTMARK CONTEST: What ever happened to the Wheeler's Postmark Contest? For those who don't know about it, the Wheeler used to mail a dozen letters with stamps from places around the east coast and gave \$2. for each returned. But the Dullards would complain we used a postage meter and therefore the postmarks would always be the same and it must, therefore, be a fake. so we did away with it.

HORNYSHIT AND OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS:

No Charge for this space but if you are selling a product we must have a sample of it for inspection, etc.

BREAKER 19 is a magazine for the Gay and bi-Cbers. Also contains the 3 code and other info. Stories and pix and other stuff. For a sample send a buck and say you are over 21 and saw it in the Wheeler. THUMBTHINGS, INC.

THE 3 CODE - are you a 3-33 or 3-35 or
????? do you 3-6? CB Jargon that
tells it as it is.....
PO Box 25082
Tamarac, FL 33320

DON'T GET RIPPED-OFF BY MAIL.....CONTACT THESE GUYS.

THE INFORMANT, a newsletter for buyers of gay materials, books, movies, etc. If they say it is reliable OK if they say its a red light rip-off beware. For a copy of their newsletter send a buck to:

NEW: They list all the bad check duds;
Mail Order creeps even known Postal
Inspectors.....getting better!!!!

THE INFORMANT
P. O. Box 5723
Pasadena, CA 91107

INFORMATION YOU CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT DEPARTMENT. Over 15 years ago the Post Office arranged a series of numbers to put on each address. It was called the Zoned Information Plan or ZIP CODE. It is designed to do the work of 3 men rather than the 7 men it now takes to handle zipped mail. PLEASE INCLUDE THIS NUMBER IF YOU WANT TO GET MAIL FROM US. We know many live in some elegant, sophisticated, overpriced poorly constructed \$75,000 two room condominium with catchy name, BUT not every one including the post office really knows where Sleazy Towers South really is without the zip code and apartment number....nor care, actually.

IF HORNLY LOOKING TRADE, LATINO STUDS AND HUSTLER TYPES ARE YOUR THING. YOU ARE SICK AND TIRED OF THE WAXED AND OILED PRETTY BOYS WITH MANICURED FINGERNAILS AND STYLED HAIR LOOKING LIKE THEY JUST STEPPED OUT OF A CIGARETTE AD TRY THIS PICTURE PLACE. TIMES SQUARE STUDIO. They publish a bulletin called Letters from the Joint, Broadsides and have other things available. Ask for their latest brochures and send a buck to:
Hot spanish ass and big pinga lollipops.
Get your J/O pix now.....

TIMES SQUARE STUDIO
P. O. Box 687, Times Square Sta.
New York, NY 10036

FOR SALE!! Second-hand gay paperbacks and magazines! 50¢ a piece! First class condition...Also have movies...For browsing and selecting your thing or to see the movies..Call "Wheels" McGee in San Jose, (408) 293-3417...Relax in the nude & enjoy yourself while looking through this private collection!

FOR THE WEIRD AND WAY OUT TRIBE INTO GOD KNOWS WHAT AS LONG AS THEY ARE CONSENTING ADULTS there is the publication by the other department at D & W. It's a correspondence sheet that seems to have everything that you heard about but never dared ask. Things people have been doing for years but never admitted to any one. If you are one of those types send \$2.00 for a copy of their latest W. O. S. Magazine. This is refundable IF you join. Send to:

People from every where into things that even JD doesn't do.....hmmmmmm.

D & W ENTERPRISES
P. O. Box 292-WH
East Rutherford, NJ 07073

FOR AN UPLIFTING EXPERIENCE AND AN EDUCATIONAL TREAT READ "The Manhattan Review of Un-Natural Acts" a magazine that is published now and then when ever the mood strikes. It contains articles about today's demented society and news items and experiences from the readers. Ads in the Piss House Wall section. Send \$2.00 and ask for a copy

The Latest Issue Hot off the Press
on sale now.

P. O. Box 982 Radio City Sta.
New York, NY 10019

TRUCKER'S HAVE BIGGER PISTONS says a bumper sticker being offered by ZEPHYR PYRAMID ENTERPRISES, Box 5 Dept. B, El Segundo, CA 90245. It's \$2.50 (with california residents spr g for an additional 6% bite for tax)

SUBSCRIPTION
THE 18 WHEELER
WITH THIS ISSUE

SUBSCRIBE NOW

TRUCKERS WITH XEROX OF DOT CARD OR OTHER PROOF SEND FOR YOUR FREE SUBSCRIPTION. ENCLOSE WITH THIS INFORMATION FILLED IN ALSO SAME ID FOR FREE-PIT-STOPPS:

- I wish to subscribe to THE 18 WHEELER as indicated:
- () Please send me Issues 27 to 30 @ \$4.00
 - () Please send back-issues 22-23-24-25 @ \$1.00 each (circle issues wanted)
 - () Please send TRUCKERS TALE BOOK @ \$6.50
 - () Please send TRUCKER'S TALE TAPES \$14.00 set.
 - () Please send PETE'S STORY BOOKLET \$ 5.50
 - () PLEASE SEND PETE'S STORY TAPES \$14.00 set (available after Nov. 1)

YOU ARE READING ISSUE: **26**

I wish this for my own enjoyment and am not an anti-freedom nut, a postal inspector or some other busy body determined to end 200 years of constitutional freedoms. I am over 21 and of sane mind.

Check of cash enclosed in the amount of \$ _____
Make Checks Payable to D & W ENTERPRISES mail to:

D & W ENTERPRISES
PO Box 292-TD
EAST RUTHERFORD, NJ 07073

NOTE: All addressees must have a name. No Occupant addresses only.

Signed.....NAME.....
 Age.....Date.....ADDRESS.....APT.....
 CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

Phone Hawks

ALL INFORMATION MUST BE SUPPLIED FOR THE NEXT ISSUE AT LEAST THREE WEEKS PRIOR TO PRINTING DEADLINE FOUND ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. If you wish to place an ad this form or exact copy must be submitted. To provide proof that this is your number please send an old phone bill stub and fill in your ad below as you wish it to appear. The Wheeler assumes no responsibility to any outcome of this ad. YOU MUST BE A SUBSCRIBER TO USE THIS SERVICE. It is not necessary to place a new ad each month if you do not wish to change it.

NAME.....Below is my phone ad I wish printed in the next issue
 ADDRESS.....and you have my permission to print it. My phone
 CITY/STATE.....Number is.....Date.....
 SIGNED.....AGE.....

SAMPLE AD:
 PETERSMITH BLEAKSVILLE, IA 800 555-1212 6:3p to 12m Truckers over 90 only

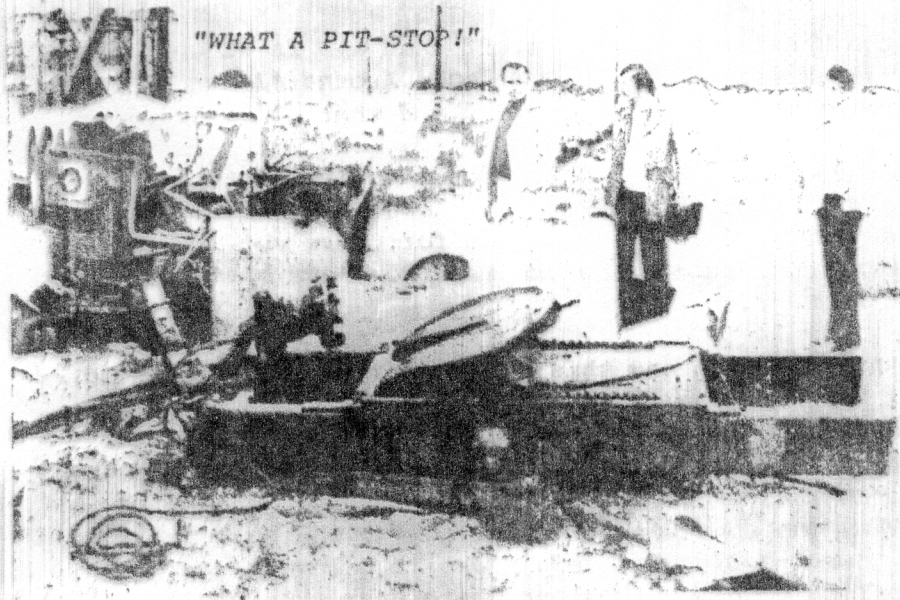
TRUCKERS WHO WANT PIT-STOPPS CHECK HERE () AND LET US KNOW WHAT AREAS YOU RUN. THIS SERVICE IS FREE TO OUR LEGIT TRUCKER SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.....

Other subscribers who wish to offer a tired driver a flop for a few hours or a night fill in the info below and we'll put you on file. This info is not to be given to any one other than those drivers who have satisfied the Wheeler they are the real thing. List all major routes near you. They will be given your PHONE NUMBER. (This number will not be published.)

Free PIT-STOPPS for TRUCKERS

NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....My Phone number to be given only to an interested
 CITY/STATE.....Trucker is: Best Time to Call.....
 I'm Located near these major routes:.....
 Attn: Use paper for additional information you think the Wheeler should have on file.

BREAKER 19 is a magazine that seems to be showing much promise and in time could become what STH used to be before it got political. I enjoy STH very much, but the long delays between issues must be filled by more reading material. Who can wait that long between J/Os? B-19 will fill that void and it is the pleasure of the 18 WHEELER to send sample material to them to be included if they wish. Do not bother to send notes that I am being copied by them or any one else. All us big time little publishers swap shit rather than bother each other with paid ads. Send all the stuff you can to all your favorite mags if you want them to survive. We can't do 100% of the work. If you are no author then just the details. JD can rewrite them into masterpieces. My spelling is godawful but who cares.....trash is trash.



**FLASH- LAST MINUTE REPORT
BY MOTORMOUTH, NYC REPORTER**

MM of the Bronx was a bit too late the other night he says as a trucker had called him and JD at the same time. He claims when he reached the green/white KW at Lombardi the rig was completely covered with teeth marks and the driver completely unable to stop the smile on his face long enough to explain what had happened. MM had to content himself with his usual J/O action at the Gateway TS....humping the chrome bumpers in the parking lot.

"ALL I DID WAS CALL HUNGRY JACK IN SAN FRANCISCO AND TELL HIM I WAS HORNY AND HEARD HE WAS A HOT NUMBER." said the owner of the rig shown above. "AND AFTER THREE HOURS IN MY SLEEPER THIS WAS ALL THERE WAS LET OF MY TRUCK."

Yes, it is possible to beleive it as after three hours with Hungry Jack there was not even a chassis left. You are lucky. Shown above is Zeke Sanchez (centre) pointing out to insurance adjuster Thomas Payne (left) while amazed Hungry Jack (right) tried to explain just what caused the condition of Mr. Sanchez's rig. Fortunately Zeke has an "Act of God" clause written into his comprehensive coverage. The Astro was replaced. From now on Jack says, they will only do it in his bed, which has asbestos sheets.

PROPOSED PRINTING SCHEDULE FOR NEXT ISSUES OF THE WHEELER ARE:

Issue # 27 - Dec. 8th #28-Jan-22th #29 - March 5th #30 - April 15th
SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE:

NORTH CAROLINA: I was sound asleep in Jarrell's parking lot and this guy climbed right into my truck and was down on me before I woke up. I was sleeping with the door open as it was very hot and I've done that before in safe, lighted places. I tried to pretend I was still asleep but he went on and on and on and after I dropped number one he went on for number two then when I appologized I was too tired he said good night and left. Can you imagine such a thing happening? Good thing you sleep on your back.....JD

Riddle: Why did god make turds round on each end?
Riddle: Why did god make pubic hairs curly?
Answer: So your ass don't slam shut when you shit.
Answer: So they don't poke your eyes out when you go down.

CHICAGO: I want a copy of Pete's Story, I see you expect it to end in #26, or so you said some time ago when it started. I read the Trucker's Tale and also got the tapes. I hope you start another story. What are you going to fill up the Wheeler Issue with now that Pete is over? By the way it looks, Phone Numbers, I have to devise a way to keep the Wheeler from becoming a phone book. Actually I think more GET YOR LOAD OFF letters and maybe a one issue short story will do. I want to keep the issue at 20 pages. For those who may have noticed #24 was trimmed on a few sheets, sorry but due to the humidity the paper absorbed just enough moisture to cause it to slightly weight over the two ounces. Just a slight trim saved ME quite a few dollars in postage. Apparently no one missed it except Lolly Pop Kid who has an eagle's eye.....

TEXAS: You say the Best of the Wheeler will have stuff that was in #1 up? I have everything from #10....how far up will the B. O.T.W. go? Around #14 and there will be some stories in it that never appeared. The letters and what all that were too long or else were hand written. As I said before many are good but my typing time is all ready limited so I was unable to use many of the handwritten things so GH who is the typist kept chained in the back room of the near by truckstop has had some time to retype them and they will be included too for those who may have all the Wheelers but would like the collection. By the way they have been all edited and hardly a misspelled word he says.

INDIANA: I was parked in a RA near Akron and this guy wanted to give me a head job but this other character kept hanging around. Finally the first one got in and was doing a read good job and the second one actually climbed up the side of my truck and looked in. That scared the first guy and he left afraid of the cops. The second one then left too and all I ended up with was my hand. What's the matter with some of these idiots. They see some one doing something, why horn in? They are known as Hungry Hilda's and these people are every place it seems and never know when to leave. They attract attention to them selves and where ever they cruise and then can't understand why there is a crack-down. Be it a RA, a cruisy jon, or a favorite corner in the park. Some of them actually getnasty if you ask them to buzz-off.

NEW YORK CITY: I read some time ago about that big truckstop they were supposed to build in the Hunt's Point section of the South Bronx. Any more news and do you think it will be good for us? It could be just another proposal that fizzled. I really don;t think a truck stop any place in New York City would work out mainly because of the price of fuel. NYC has a way of taxing its self out of the ball game be it gas, cigarettes or even a rent tax on business. When gasoline was 29 to 32¢ in the area it was 48 to 52¢. Truck juice is around 55¢ now in the NJ area, which is high enough but can you imagine the price in the NYC Truckstops? 55¢ X 100 gals. vs. 65¢ x 100 for example is an extra \$10. bucks plus the tolls and "docking fees" of going there. Actually a new food city is due to be built by the tax free Port of N. Y. & N. J. Authority and what chance does any private enterprise have against that? This to be constructed possibly in Jersey City (behind the statue of Miss Liberty)

ALABAMA: You say truckers never cruise in the truckstops? I do. I don;t scream and carry on like a nellie thing but I cruise and do make out. I admit it takes some work as most truckers are very careful; and you know why. I never said they don;t cruise but they are careful and I DO know why. Many of them stop time after time and if they got a nasty reputation or was thrown out they might have problems. I have run into many drivers at the TS's and they are usually very cautious until they get out of sight where no one knows them. Many have commented that "Trucker's are like old ladies. They gossip like them and they never miss a thing. They all do it but they don't want any one else to know they "fool around." HUMAN NATURE IS LIKE THAT. Cab-Over Closet Cases, No? Any a little good common sense never hurt any one..... too bad the gay movement realized that and didn't scare every one to death before they got a chance to make their point.

"TRUCKER'S BEST BET"

CIRCLE BAR TRUCK STOP

Exit 403 I-85

Battle, Kentucky

PHONE 878-5961

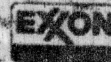
 **KENWORTH**

PARTS & SERVICE

- OPEN 24 HOURS - 7 DAYS A WEEK
- DIESEL AND GASOLINE, SEPARATE CAR ISLAND, CHEVRON GAS
- TIRE REPAIR AND SERVICE
- SELF SERVICE ISLAND
- PAVED PARKING FOR 200 TRUCKS
- EXCELLENT 24 HOUR COFFEE SHOP, CLUB AND DINING ROOM
- RETAIL STORE WITH PARTS AND ACCESSORIES FOR TRUCKS
- GIFTS AND CLOTHING
- SHAVING ROOM
- SHOWER FACILITIES FOR MEN
- LAUNDRY FACILITIES FOR TRUCKERS
- TRUCK DRIVER LOUNGE
- TICKET PRINTER PUMPS
- TRUCK LUBE AND WASHING
- ROAD SERVICE
- DIESEL MECHANIC

 **TEXACO**

 **BP**

 **EXXON**

 **SHELL**

FREE RIM WITH EVERY 50 GALS
OF FUEL... ATTENDANT OF
YOUR CHOICE WITH THIS

**Road tested
over 10 years!
"Pro-driver" is great!**

FUCK STORIES GO TO PRESS

One of the letters to the 18 WHEELER. A book to be in print this fall. The best letters published in the past issues of the Wheeler as well as some fresh material sent to the Editor, JD. This one is from El Paso, TX.

Every time I get a copy of the newsletter I always say I am going to go Truckhawking but I read the damn thing and jerk off and then stay home. Well when #11 and that guy in Philadelphia, Pa. that cruised that big Italian construction worker trucker at a hot dog stand at noon break I knew I had to get my ass off the chair. They are working on a tract homesite near where I work and most of the guys eat at a cafe up the road or some of those mobile lunch trucks down at the parking lot of a shopping center. So I got my ass in gear and went to look. Three days I did this then one afternoon I saw this real nice guy there sitting in his camper with the door open eating his lunch. I knew he was one of the guys who drives the big Euclid dumpers as I had seen him one afternoon before. He was naked to the waist had Levi shorts on and socks and big workshoes and a hat. One of the Budweiser hats. He looked part mex. Dark and hairy and very hairy legs and arms. I pulled up and got a can of soda and sat looking at him parked in the next stall. He glanced up and continued to put away his lunch then nodded and commented on the heat. We got in a conversation and I asked about the camper cap on his truck and he invited to me look it over. He had a cutout so it was possible to go from cab to the back and I made a point of inspecting it. As I did I got close to him and he had that sexy smell most working men do and I could feel that heat radiating from him. My hand rested near his hairy leg and I got either bold or crazy and rested it on his leg. He looked at me and chewed his hotdog slowly and asked:

"Hey, mac, you putting the make on me?"

"Maybe." I said backing away, now wondering if I had gone too far and was going to get slugged by this big macho stud.

"Well if you want to give me a blow job you better say yes or no because in fifteen minutes I have to get my ass back to the project."

I said "Sure I will" and he threw the rest of the hotdog in his mouth and swallowed down some coke and said to follow him. He climbed back in the rear of the hot camper and stretched out on the small cot he had in it and

(this version has been edited for B-19)

quickly took his Levi shorts and jockey shorts off and stretched out, his tool all ready standing up hard.

"You can do what you like but I don't have much time. Too bad you didn't come around earlier."

I got in back and knelt beside the cot and started going down on him. He was much too nice to just suck-off so I started to lick his body and he grunted and said it felt good, so I just kept licking down his legs and back up to his chest. He stretched out and said hot nice it was and I looked up at his face. His eyes were closed his big thick muscled arms behind his head really grooving on the tongue bath on his salty body. I licked right up to his armpits and then sucked his tits.

He patted me on the back and said softly:

"Hey mac, I like all this but I gotta get to work and besides you are so good I think I'm going to pop off."

I got down on his balls and then could feel the muscles in his nuts start to work and I was no sooner back down on that big fat tool of his and he gave a gut wrenching moan and dumped his thick creamy load down my throat.

"Boy I really needed that." he groaned. "That was the best fuckin' blow job I had in months.....wish you was my old lady, I'd give it to you every morning."

He put his shorts back on and hugged me then got out of the camper and into the seat again wiping the sweat from his body with a big bandanna.

"You around here much? he asked as he started the motor.

"Every day, I work down the road.

"I'll be working here until they finish grading all that parking area. I'll look for you, mac."

"I'll look for you too."

"Good, you're a damn good cock-sucker."

I met him several more times after that in the same place until his job ended and he moved on.

Thanks Wheeler for the inspiration.....and the big loads of stud cum you helped me get.

A sample of BOW...the Best Of the Wheeler, reprinted from BREAKER 19, this is one of dozens of new letters never used in the Wheeler and many of the best from all the old Wheelers from #1 to #13. Some where around 100 pages long. Printed on the usual 8 1/2 x 11 Wheeler sized format. Reserve your copy and be warned.....this will be a one time ONLY printing. Look for details in future issues.

THIS MONTH'S
STORY IS THE
FINAL CHAPTER
FOR OUR BOY
PETE.

PETE AND LOU
SAY GOODBYE



SOUTHERN OHIO: Thanks for everything. That guy I phoned at a awful hour was very nice to me when I explained that I had run into some trouble and couldn't make it the last leg to meet him. I know he expected me but you know what this o/o game is all about and things happen. He not only understood but drove all the way up to get me (35 miles) and told me it was OK to leave his number so the garage could contact me when the part was located and the truck fixed. And he took me back in the morning. Now where do you ever find people like that? Not only that but he was a pretty hot stud in the sack and said he knew I was worn out and if I wasn't in the mood it was OK. You only find people like that in the Pit-Stop list I guess. Another guy remarked that a driver could navigate most of the USA and never have to eat in one of those truckstop cafes again if he had all the Pit-Stops mapped out for him. Any way you would be surprised how nice some of our people are and sex isn't really the only objective....but of course it certainly is nice/and according to the letter he wrote ME he is still raving about how he would have gone 130 miles for some one like you.....and having met you I agree.....hummmmm. And if I remember right you once admitted you really were not to well into this stuff.

ON THE OTHER HAND FROM PENNA: When people call and say they are coming and you clear all the plans from your calander they could at least call if they aren't going to show. If you are guilty of this remember the phone numbers are for your convenience and if they become a pain in the ass....for your editor....for the subscribers....and for the people who use them, it is simple to discontinue them. Please make a note that some people wish calls during only certain hours and this means in their time zone.

(CONT FROM #25)

In the rest room Pete took a seat in a booth just to see if the man was gay or else up to no good. He realized the man in the green hat entered the next booth and took down his pants and sat there with his hand between his legs and was evidently playing with himself. Pete watched as the trucker got it hard and then leaned back. Pete stood up and let his long meat hang free and the other person put his finger to the hole. Pete turned and stuck it through and enjoyed several minutes of a hot wet mouth as the bearded trucker swung on him. But Pete was in no mood and he finally pulled back and pulled up his pants and left the booth.

The man in the green hat came out and joined Pete at the wash basin.

"Like to finish that thing," he whispered to Pete. "You got a big one."

"I'm not too much in the mood. Too tired. Long hours on the road."

"Your buddy swing too?" he asked.

"Some times I guess."

"Didn't I see you in a Roadway rig? Since when are they running doubles?"

"I came along for the ride."

"Your brother or something?" the red bearded man asked.

"Yeah, my brother. He was feeling punk so I came along with him."

"Well take care, wish you was in the mood. Thanks any how." the man left and Pete joined Lou and filled him in.

"Funny they sure ain't FBI men, not and sucking your dick they ain't.....I guess my imagination is running wild."

They returned to the rig and observed the two men climbing into a cab over KW. Lou tried to make him self believe the two were OK and just happened to be on the same schedule. The KW reved up and sat there. Lou observed the new trailer and the triplease sign taped on the door. It was a Virginia out fit.

He rolled out of the fuel bays and then pulled across the street at the front of a Hardee's Hamburger and went in to get two more containers of coffee and to see what the KW did. It had pulled down to the road but stopped.

"Dam if those men aren't acting strange." Lou cursed and headed down the main street and over the hill, west on US 30.

"You say he went down on you?" Lou asked.

"Like a pro. But I couldn't keep hard."

"Damn....you know Pete I want to swing on it. Let's stop and see if we can get each other off. I want that thing of yours."

He rolled down a grade and just before Everett the road widened and there was a wide spot on the right. Lou pulled it and pushed the release and his seat dropped down. Pete leaned over and hugged him.

"One thing about these little cubby hole cabs, you can sure get close to a guy." Lou said. He kissed Pete and started rubbing his hands inside his shirt, playing with his hairy tits and then reached down and found what he wanted. Pete was hard and eager.

"I want to blow you Pete.....I want that big dick of yours one more time."

Pete sighed and leaned back as Lou opened his pants and went down on him. He stretched back in the seat and let Lou enjoy him.

As Lou worked Pete suddenly saw the KW go by. The driver hit the brakes as he passed then went on. Obviously they had seen them parked back in the wide spot.

"Our pals went past." Pete said.

"Fuck them." and Lou chowed down on Pete and started to really work. Pete relaxed and let Lou do his thing.

Pete was hot and he tried to hold back but Lou always excited him and before long he stiffened in the seat, his legs straightened and he raised up off the seat and sank his entire shaft down Lou's throat and popped his wad. Lou took it all and then looked up and wiped the sweat from his eyes and kissed Pete on the hairy gut then sat up.

"Don't know how long I can do that for you." he said. Might be nearly the last time. Never know when the law decided to grab me."

"I want you, Lou.....think you can give me a big load? We haven't had sex in three days."

"I think so. I got a stiff that won't quit." he leaned back and scouted the mirrors and then relaxed pulling his pants down to his boot tops and pulling one pants leg off so he could assume his favorite position. One leg on the seat behind Pete the other propped up on the dash. This way Lou was able to have his balls and ass worked on by his passenger.

"Eat my ass, balls and cock, Pete I really am hot for your mouth. Wish you could fuck me. Tonight we'll really have a fucking hot ball in that motel. I want you to slam that dick of yours home....." Lou said as Pete nuzzled his balls and got under them to his hairy asshole and tongue fucked him.

Traffic rolled past and Lou enjoyed twenty minutes of Pete's mouth on him before he looked at his watch and realized they were way behind schedule. His nuts were getting to the point he wouldn't be able to hold back any longer and he watched as Pete's mouth slid up and down on his fat cock then then rubbing the back of Pete's head, he jammed his hips up and moaned.

"Oh Pete, I'm gonna drop it."

Pete gasped in air and then went down deep and felt the creamy trucker's cum fill his mouth. He held it until Lou released the pressure from the back of his head and he came up and swallowed hard.

"Thanks." Pete said. "Thanks for giving it to me, Lou." he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. "I wanted you a few times the past couple days but knew how upset you were."

Lou pulled his pants up and put his boot back on and then smiled at Pete.

"You know I could be in bed with you 24 hours a day, seven days a week.....sick or tired or what ever.....Thanks yourself."

Lou headed back on the road and when they pulled through town they spotted the KW parked by a burned out Adult Book Store.

"Your friends may have gotten a case of smoking nuts and decided to do what we did." Lou said. "At least I hope so."

They were climbing the mountains now and the going was slow. Lou cursed the outfit for being so cheap and making them use the old road.

Climbing a grade in low gear Lou spotted the KW coming up behind them. It was the same rig and it was closing in fast. Lou wondered how much of a load they had on it as he was gaining as if it was empty.

At the crest was a brake check where the rigs stopped before descending the other side of the mountain. It was a two lane road now, with a high crown and a fight at the wheel for any trucker. The KW was behind them now and Lou was uneasy. When he hit the brake check pull off he signaled but at the last minute pulled out of the area and gunned it back on the road. The KW did the same and Lou knew there it was a bad show. Something was wrong.

The grade was straight now and it was possible to see about two miles. Not a car was on the road and Lou let it wind up and then threw it a gear and picked up speed. Pete nervously looked behind in the mirror and found the KW on his tail. Lou was hitting 45 now and picking up speed.

"That bastard is going to pass us." he yelled out and Lou saw the KW pull out and nudge along side. He steadied the rig and held close to the middle but the KW inched up and when it was nearly beside him he saw the red bearded man at the passenger's window giving him a high sign.

"Wants to race? Is he nuts?" Lou said slowing a bit to let the cowboys get past. Lou suddenly yelled out at Pete and ducked down towards him but it was all too late. Pete heard a muffled explosion and at the same time saw Lou's head jerk up and he was suddenly showered with broken glass, blood and fragments of Lou's head as a deer slug caught Lou under the jaw and tore off the top of his skull.

Pete felt the heavy trucker slam against him and before he could realize what had happened the rig was scraping against the rocks and dancing crazily from side to side.

There was a ripping of metal at the KW passed them, the rear of the trailer catching the front of Lou's bumper and then Pete tried to grab the wheel, but Lou's heavy body held him against the door and it was the end of the line. The front wheel dropped into the ditch and bounced up and slammed through the guard rail and Pete saw the fiberglass front end disintegrate before his eyes and it rolled over and down the steep embankment. Glass shattered and everything danced crazily and suddenly it was quiet. He was aware that a heavy object, warm and human was laying on him, blood dripped in his eyes and then as the hot crankcase oil started to drip through the crushed cab onto Pete's legs he passed out.

An orange flame sparkled to life some where in the fuel soaked cargo and then with a roar the flame spread and within minutes the entire wreck was burning. 26-17
Horns sounded and people gathered but no one in the wreck heard anything.

Two backpackers above the road on a trail looked on in horror. The only witnesses. In Ligionier, down the road some miles, the KW was parked in a diner parking lot as two men inspected the damaged rig. The entire side of the trailer was torn up and the men wondered what to do next.

"That bastard ripped out the whole side of the damned trailer and mashed up all our lights on this side." Green Hat said.

"By now they found them, I hope the hell their ain't no evidence a rig ran them off the road.....from the ratchet mouths on the CB they both got pretty well roasted in that fire and no body is going to look for a shot gun hole. I knew it blew his head away. A direct hit in the face. No body going to put them together after that wreck and they won't look for no reason other than going too fast."

"Lucky to get both brothers at the same time. Made it easy any how.....but shit we can't go any place at night with this mess.....not even a tail light....he tore out the damn back corner as well.....and no truck stops for miles to pick up any kind of replacements."

I want to get this mess out of sight....if they do think they were run off the road they might be checking for rigs that might have been all banged up recently."

"And that damn shot gun in the truck?"

"Hell that's legal. All in the case and I got my hunting license with me." Green Hat said. "You fuckin' Hippies know us sportin men hunt and fish."

"Common Jeff.....hunting what this time of year with a gun that size? Rabbits?"

"Common get your faggot ass back in the rig. We have to get lost down in that back lot for a few hours....we can go wash up and eat then why not me any you taking some time in the bunk." Green Hat said patting his buddy on the ass. "That big hunk had a nice one....too bad he didn't get it off one more time." he laughed and they entered the diner after pulling the rig as far to the rear of the parking lot as they could.

Both men however never finished their supper. They saw a police car making the rounds of the lot and then the trooper entered and asked who owned the KW in the lot. The one with the battered up trailer.

Hippy and Green Hat looked at each other then spoke up.

"Mind coming out side with us. We want to talk about something.....we're looking for a rig that ran another off the road today.....some one reported the accident and from the looks of your trailer you might have been the one."

Green Hat spoke up quickly:

"Hell Officer, I did that today on the turnpike too close of a tree when I pulled off for a reat-em-up."

"The trooper walked behind them, his partner some distance away ready for any quick moves from the two truckers.

"Well that might be so, but if you did you must have hit a tree with some orange bark on it.....I think you better just come along with us. You're under arrest for leaving the scene of an accident.....for now."

The trooper read them their rights and pushed the two truckers in the back of the trooper car.

"The two men you ran off are dead.....you know that.....there was nothing any one could do to save them. There was a fire....." the Trooper said.

Pete jumped awake and felt some one next to him in the bed. It was just dawn and he sat up in bed trembling and soaked with sweat. He glanced down at Lou next to him and hugged him. Lou awake and sleepily asked what was wrong.

"I had a terrible dream.....it scared the hell out of me."

"The only thing you ought to be scared of is going down to the bank in the morning and putting your name on that dotted line for the loan." Lou said dragging him down on top of him. "Rig number two for me and you.....hey it's still night out."

"I know.....it was a terrible dream Lou. I don;t even want to talk about it."

Just then the phone rang. Lou sat up and looked at the clock.....

"Quarter to five! Son of-a-bitch don't tell me they want me to come in on my day off.....I'll be so fucking glad to quit that outfit and get in my own rig!"

He grabbed the telephone and barked gruffly into it then his face was serious and he listened for a long time, saying nothing.

END-PETE STORY

26-13